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The Pathfinder

—
APRIL, 1911
—

WILLIAM SHARP

(*FIONA MACLEOD*)

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



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We shall give several pages to the advertisement of those things in which readers of a cultured taste are interested. The circulation of THE PATHFINDER is gradually increasing and it should be a profitable medium to you. Our terms for the first year are as follows:

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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r.*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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The subscription price is One Dollar a year; Twenty-five Cents additional when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.

All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

VOLUME FIVE

The PATHFINDER resumes publication after an interval of six months. Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., one of the younger poets of achievement as well as promise, will be associated editorially.

The spirit and purpose of the little journal will remain the same. We hope that it will continue to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciation of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.



Early numbers of Volume Five will be given, in part, to an appreciation, with selections from the work, of some of our recent writers.

The May number will be devoted largely to Louise Imogen Guiney.

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AFTER DARK VAPORS

By JOHN KEATS

After dark vapors have oppressed our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month, relieved from its pains,
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May,
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rains.

And calmest thoughts come round us—as of leaves
Budding,—fruit ripening in stillness,—

Autumn suns

Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—
Sweet Sappho's cheek,—a sleeping infant's breath,—
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs,—
A woodland rivulet,—a Poet's death.

*WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD)**

By WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

Five years ago there flashed upon the world from Sicily a double intelligenece: the death of William Sharp and the revelation of indentity of Fiona Macleod. To many on two continents the death of William Sharp carried a poignant grief; to a still greater number that grief was the source of a poignant secret which revealing itself in the identity of Fiona Macleod, still remained the most puzzling literary mystery the world had known. To many of us the revelation failed to reveal. Mr. Ernest Rhys, shortly after Sharp's death, writing in the *Century Magazine*, declared that the secret of Fiona Macleod was by no means explained on the simple authority that William Sharp had written the spiritual literature ascribed to the feminine instincts of Fiona Macleod. This declaration enveloped the mystery in a mystery and led one to assert that the explanation had to be a very lucid one to convince. The statement of this strange and seemingly inexplicable dual person-

* Reprint from *Boston Transcript*.

ality has been eagerly awaited, and it now comes in the *Memoir* of her husband by Mrs. William Sharp, which, in this season of innumerable memoirs and biographies, is one of the most fascinating and important books of the season. Mrs. Sharp's account of her husband's life is divided into two parts. The first is devoted to William Sharp, his start and growth in literature as poet, critic and editor, his friendships and struggles, and underneath all the impulsion and dominance of that deeper, inner and truer self which, in the second part, becomes and reveals the spiritual memoir of Fiona Macleod. The whole memoir is constructed skilfully and artistically by Mrs. Sharp from the diary and letters of the author and those in receipt by him from many of his famous contemporaries. Mrs. Sharp's admirable adjustment of this material in relation to the central purpose of unfolding the possibility of that inexplicable personality, Fiona Macleod, is charming and convincing. The mere external facts of William Sharp's early struggles and wanderings, his later search for health and peace to further the work inspired by Fiona Macleod, are outlined by the compiler with frankness and proportion to those details which

are filled and balanced by the author's expression of his inner self. His work as William Sharp brought him into personal relations with many famous contemporaries of whom we get delightful glimpses on their more intimate sides; as Fiona Macleod the singular ecstasy and freedom, the curious, and well-founded wonder and appreciation of a fascinated reading world, kept his personality aloof from the world; indeed, so unsubstantial and visionary was this existence which so completely overcame the man that he may be said to have lived wholly between two worlds and constantly shimmering in sense and instinct between two wholly separate selves that were one.

"That William Sharp," writes Mrs. Sharp, "should be one of the fortunates who, toward the end of life, could say he had fulfilled more than half of his early desires, was due mainly to a ceaseless curiosity and love of adventure, to a happy fearlessness of disposition that prompted him when starting on any quest to seize the propitious moment, and if necessary to burn his boats behind him. He believed himself to have been born under a lucky star. Notwithstanding the great hardships and difficulties that sometimes barred his way, his vivid imagination, aided

by a strong will and untiring perseverance, opened to him many doors of the wonderland of life that lured him in his dreams. The adventurous and the romantic were to him as beacons; and though their lights were at times overshadowed by the tragedy of human life, his natural buoyancy of disposition, his power of whole-hearted enjoyment in things large and small, his ready intuitive sympathy, preserved in him a spirit of fine optimism to the end." All these qualities of character and temperament he carried into that early career of struggle in London, into his accomplishment as poet and critic which impressed and won for him the friendship of Rosetti, Meredith, Pater, Philip Bourke Marston and others; into his visits to the continent and America, fulfilling that cosmopolitanism strongly in him and winning wherever he went the confidence and admiration of those he met. The literary work of these years which he published under his own name was gaining him a sure and solid reputation, though it afforded him but a precarious living, and more and more as the years passed a wistful and regretful longing to that insistent voice within him expressed itself in the desire to give utterance in creative work to satisfy the deeper

and more genuine side of him which was Fiona Macleod. Even if one cared to look at it deeply (as many did at the time to connect the identity of William Sharp with Fiona Macleod) there was the premonition, the precursory note, in much of the later creative work of this period, such as in *The Children of To-morrow*, *The Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy*, *Sospiri de Roma*, and *Vistas*.

Except in his purely critical and biographical work, so it seems to me, William Sharp's ideals and aims were, as he declared in writing the dedication of *Vistas* addressed to Henry M. Alden, "vistas of the inner life of the human soul, psychic episodes;" and again, "impressions of spiritual emotion." And in all this early work, as Mrs. Sharp records in her narrative and in extracts from his own correspondence, he was working to that final expression of himself as Fiona Macleod. In reviewing this memoir, we have preferred not to pause in comment touching the material facts of circumstances and dates. This is a spiritual biography,—the gradual finding of a man's true self in his dream and vision; the transformation, wholly, of sexual instincts, which became the miracle of emotional unit in one man of a

kind of human godhead from which sprang indivisible fires of creative dreams and vision. I think we have not quite half realized the significance of this in the spiritual literature that has come to be identified with the name of Fiona Macleod. The more so since this memoir has revealed to us how inextricably it was woven at the base of William Sharp's nature. In the early nineties *Pharais* was published; it was the first book written and published under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod." I remember with what anticipation this Celtic story was put into my hands to read by Mrs. Helen Hopekirk of Boston, the composer, to whom one of the most interesting letters in the volume is addressed, and who at that time was setting some of Fiona Macleod's lyrics, taken *From the Hills of Dream*, to music. To the reading world the publication of *Pharais* meant the advent of a new writer, with singular and original gifts, and aroused some curiosity as to the identity of the author; to a very, very few friends it embodied a new phase, a more individual development of William Sharp's talents, which promised a positive conviction of genius. To one of these friends, Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier, William Sharp wrote in answer and

—
explanation of her question, "Why he a man, chose to send forth good work under the signature of a woman." ". . . . I can write out my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed, I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity. . . . This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this cosmic ecstasy and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life that I could not bring myself to the expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, must find expression, yet I cannot, save in this hidden way."

What William Sharp made of this impulse the world knows, though I doubt if it has quite comprehended the absolute aims and ideals towards which he worked in dealing with the spiritual glamour of the Gael. It was primarily but the expression of a deeper and more subtle consciousness, of his inner life in relation to the external modifications of the world. The whole testament of this interior existence was recorded

in *The Divine Adventure*, which was the quintessential sap that vivified those myths, legends, and folk-lore materials that he wrought into the shape and color of Gaelic memories. Innately the work of Fiona Macleod stood for no practical ideals that became conspicuous by revival or purpose. It symbolized to the author, not so much a tradition, as a human aspiration, that sought a nearer approach to the primal instincts which felt itself in many elements one with earth and the spirit of earth, nature. Mrs. Sharp quotes many letters which passed between the chief members of the Irish branch of Celtic writers, and there is clearly discerned in the opinions of such men as Yeats and Russell a variance as to the central purpose and aims of Celtic literature.

All that William Sharp strove for was in a "great desire that the Celtic spirit should be kept alive, and a moulding influence toward the expression of the racial approach to and yearning after spiritual beauty, whether expressed in Gaelic or in the English tongue." And he wrought on to the end, as these pages show, living two selves in one, the one self going down to oblivion in the glory and triumph of the higher and unknown personality. The one

self that was William Sharp suffered, was restless and drew more and more from the conventional concerns of the world. Out of this he built out of pure flame of life a living woman who is very real to us in the psychic expression of his own nature, and to whom he surrendered at death the immortality of the man he was. He died, records Mrs. Sharp, "exclaiming in a tone of joyous recognition, 'Oh, the beautiful "Green Life" again!'" and with a contented sigh, 'Ah, all is well.'" On the Iona cross that marks the grave of this strange genius there is inscribed this beautiful sentence from the writings of Fiona Macleod: "Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions."

*APRIL*

By MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

April is a Moslem maiden,
Veiling, with a cloud,
Smiles with which her lips are laden,
From the eager crowd.

Though the maid, in loth surrenders,
Half her charms would hoard,
Glances from her eyes, tear-laden,
Seem a rich reward!

*DEDICATION FROM "DEIRDRE" ***By* FIONA MACLEOD

TO ESTHER MONA :—

Little girl, when you grow to maidhood and womanhood it is a hope of mine that you will love these old legendary tales, of which the tale of Deirdre and the Sons of Usna is one. Before you read this time-sweet story of great love you will come to the story of Finnula and her brothers, because the tale of the children of Lir, or the tale of Four Swans as it is sometimes called, is the first among the old beautiful stories for the delight of those standing in or passing beyond childhood. For a thousand years Gaelic youth has loved and wept over it. By many fires by lonely seas, in hill-glens . . . in the great straths where of old was no change but the changing colour of season following season and where no strangers came save birth and death, but where the deer now have their wilderness or vast flocks browse where the smoke of crofts and homesteads rose . . . from

* With kind permission of Mrs. William Sharp, and the publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher.

generation to generation children, and maids and youths keeping children's hearts, have had their lives deepened in love and devotion, because of this tale of endurance noble to the end and of patience so great that the heart aches at the thought of it. You will hear much of the other virtues, dear: but do not forget these, which are so great, the stars of Christ . . . endurance and patience. It may help you to remember if you read of them in verse, as has been written in beauty. . . .

*Endurance is the noblest quality
And Patience all the passion of great hearts.*

But, when you are older, I think there will be no tale of the high lift of love, of heroic love, to move you more than that now retold for you here, out of the dim beautiful past whose shadows sleep, in lengthening fans of twilight, across the sunset lands of the imagination. It will not suffice that you care for it and its kindred as one cares for a flower that one plucks by the wayside, that one gathers at whim and idly discards. It will not suffice to like them as we like something which amuses us for a moment, a fantasy at a theatre, a light air lightly played or a song lifting itself from twilights of

silence, this painted idyll of what never was, this facile romance of the obvious or the impossible. These are things of pleasantry, and are good, or may be good, each in its kind: but they are not the things of the heart's desire, nor images of what the soul longs for and thirsts for.

But will you find anything of that which the soul longs for and thirsts for, will you find any unshaken or wavering image of your heart's desire, in the telling of an old tale? Many will ask that: some incredulously, some scornfully, some indifferently.

Perhaps. Perhaps not. It is of least moment what is in the tale: it is of moment what atmosphere of ideal beauty has remained with it out of the mind of the dreamer who shaped it, out of the love of generations for whom it has been full of a perpetual sweet newness as of summer-dawn, for whom it has been as fresh as moon-dew glistening on banks of thyme along old grassy ways. And it is of supreme moment what we ourselves bring, what you, dear, if you would know the enchantment, must bring.

Let me for a moment tell you something that bears upon what I say. Long ago, one of the old forgotten gods, the god of enchantment and illusion, made a glory that was a glory of loveli-

ness, an ecstasy of sound, and a passion of delight. Then he watched seven mortals approach it in turn. Three saw in it no loveliness, heard in it no ecstasy, caught from it no rapture. Of three others, one knew an inexplicable delight, and took away the wonder and the memory to be his while he lived: and one heard an ecstasy of sound, and went away rapt, and forgetting all things because of that dream and passion not seen but heard: and the third looked on that loveliness, and ever after his fellows spoke of him as one made insane by impossible dreams, though he had that in his life which rose in a white flame, and quenched his thirst at wells of the spirit, and rejoiced continually. But of the seven one only saw the glory as the god of enchantment and illusion had made it, seeing in it the spirit that is Beauty, and hearing in it the soul of Music, and uplifted by it to the rapture that is the passion of delight. And lest that evil Destiny which puts dust upon dreams, and silence upon sweet airs, and stills songs, and makes the hand idle, and the mind an eddying leaf, and the spirit as foam upon the sea, should take from this dreamer what he had won, the god of enchantment and illusion gave the man a broken heart, and a mind filled with the

sighing of weariness, and sorrow to be his secret friend and the silence upon his pillow by night.

And I have told you this to help you to understand that it is what we bring to the enchantment that matters more than what the enchantment may disclose, and, when you have been kissed by sorrow—may the darker veiled Dread pass you, dear—you will understand why the seventh dreamer who looked upon the secret wonder was of the few whom the gods touch with the hands, of the chosen keepers and guardians of the immortal fire.

No, it will not suffice that you care for them as a flower plucked by the wayside, as a pleasure gathered in idleness, to be forgotten when gathered. You must come to these old tales to seek and to find the surviving beauty of gathered dreams and a silent world, the immortality of ideals treasured once, forgotten now. I do not say, I would not have you believe, for I do not so think, that all the ideals of beauty have stolen away from the world, as twilight retreats from the grass in the pale greenness of dawns. But some have gone, or are changed and we do not know them: and some have dimmed. And, at least I think so, some are so rare as to be seen

only in a few hearts, like the star in a woodland pool seen among slim spears of reed. One does not look into many enchanted hearts in that uncertain wandering of ours between the lighting and the ashes of the brief fire which we come to unknowingly, and carelessly tend, and regret with unavailing tears, and leave, cold. And I . . . I shall have bent above the fading warmth, and have risen at last, cold and gone away, when that little wondering heart of yours shall have become a woman's heart: and so I do not know whether, if I were to look into it, I should see beyond the shaken reeds of the mind the depth-held star of the old passion of beauty, the old longing, the old enchantment. But I hope so. Are you not the child of her, that friend to whom I inscribed my first book; of whom, in its prefatory words, I wrote 'we have loved the same things and in the same way . . . take, then, out of my heart, this book of vision and of dream.'

And so, if, carrying a heart such as I hope for you and believe is yours, little one, you will bring with you the enchanted secret, the enchantment in your mind, and look into that dim, beautiful enchantment of the past—of a world that ended, that changed long ago, and

whose light endures as the travelling light of a star may immeasurably survive the star—I know you will find a compelling beauty in these old tales of the Gael, a beauty of thought against which to lay your thought, a beauty of dream against which to lay your dream, a beauty of desire against which to lay your desire. For they are more than tales of beauty, than tales of wonder. They are the dreams of the enchanted spirit of man, achieved in beauty. Shall the day come when the tales of Deirdre shall be no more told, when in the firelight moist eyes shall not deepen at the sorrows of Fionnula and her swan-brothers, when men's hearts and women's hearts shall not be quickened by the tale of Aillinn and Baile Honeymoon, when the madness of Cuchulain shall not trouble, when the love of Emer shall not be the very fragrance of great love, when the song of Niamh shall not enchant?

If so, it is not beautiful children of legend we shall lose, not the lovely raiment, but the very beauty and love themselves, the love of beauty, the love of love, the old wondering ecstasy, the lost upliftedness, which once were an ancestral possession in an old simple primitive way, and now, or in that way, are no more ours, but are

changed for us, as rainbows are changed upon the brows of cloud.

So, little one, come in time to love these things of beauty. Lay your child's heart, that is made of morning joy and evening longing, to that Mother-heart: and when you gather years, as now you gather the little white clan of the grass, it shall be well with you. And you, too, when your time is come, and you in turn pass on the mystery of life to another who will look up from your breast with eyes of still wonder and slowly shaping thought forget not to tell that other to lay its child's heart of morning joy and evening longing against a more ancient and dream-filled heart than that of any woman, that mother-heart of which I speak to you, the Heart of Beauty.



THE LOST HARP

By JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Friend, who may find, sometime, on yonder sand
A harp, pray take it up; with defter hand
Coax from the strings the golden things
It would not say
For him that flung it—with his heart—away,
Both to the keeping of a kinder day.

*TO WILLIAM SHARP**(FIONA MACLEOD)**By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

The waves about Iona dirge,
The wild winds trumpet over Skye;
Shrill around Arran's cliff-bound verge
The gray gulls cry.

Spring wraps its transient scarf of green,
Its heathery robe, round slope and scar;
And night, the scudding wrack between,
Lights its lone star.

But you who loved these outland isles,
Their gleams, their glooms, their mysteries,
Their eldritch lures, their druid wiles,
Their tragic seas,

Will heed no more, in mortal guise,
The potent witchery of their call,
If dawn be regnant in the skies,
Or evenfall.

Yet, though where suns Sicilian beam
The loving earth enfolds your form,
I can but deem these coasts of dream
And hovering storm

Still thrall your spirit—that it bides
By far Iona's kelp-strewn shore,
There lingering till time and tides
Shall surge no more.

*IN EXCELSIS**By* THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

Spring!
And all our valleys turning into green
Remembering,—
As I remember! So my heart turns glad
For so much youth and joy,— this to have had
When in my veins the tide of living fire
Was at its flow :
This, to know,
When now the miracle of young desire
Burns on the hills, and Spring's sweet choristers again
Chant from each tree and every bush aflame,
Love's wondrous name :
This under youth's glad reign,
With all the valleys turning into green,—
This to have heard and seen !

And Song !
Once to have known what every wakened bird
Has heard :
Once to have entered into that great harmony
Of Love's creation and to feel
The pulsing waves of wonder steal
Through all my being ; once to be
In that same sea
Of wakened joy that stirs in every tree,
And every bird : and then to sing,—
To sing aloud the endless Song of Spring !

Waiting, I turn to Thee,
Expectant, humble, and on bended knee ;
Youth's radiant fire

—

Only to burn at Thy unknown desire,—
 For this alone has Song been granted me.
 Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will ;
 All wonders fill
 My cup, and it is Thine ;
 Life's precious wine
 For this alone: for Thee.
 Yet never can be paid
 The debt long laid
 Upon my heart, because my lips did press
 In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness!



*THE DREAM I DREAMED BEFORE
 I WAS BORN*

By DOROTHEA LAURANA MANN

There's a dream I dreamed before I was born,
 That always troubles the soul of me
 With the sense of a half-remembered splendor,
 A flash of sunlight, a glimmer of sea,
 The rain that comes clouding the April meadow,
 The rose that I plucked ere its perfect glory—
 The shadows that haunt the dreaming days,
 Like the visioned end of a half-told story.

There's a shadow broods in the autumn air
 And darkens the light of the winter morn,
 For the loss of that golden, flame-kissed vision—
 The dream I dreamed before I was born.
 Out of a glory, I cross the dark,
 Seeking that magical dream once more,
 That troubles me still with remembered beauty,
 I knew on some silent, mist-wrapped shore.

SONG

Reprint from WILLIAM WATSON'S Poems

April, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears!
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears!



LIKE PÆSTUM'S TEMPLE

By RICHARD BURTON

Moments there are that loom up from the past
 Tarnished yet beautiful; we deemed them dead,
 Their old-time witchery forever fled;
 Not so; for of a sudden, all unasked,
 They do return to rule our souls at last;
 So fresh, so fair, they almost seem to shed
 A lovelier light than in the years long sped,
 Weaving a wonder that is unsurpassed:

Proud vistaed arches, gleams of broken stone,
 Columns superb, blithe statues buried deep
 Until exhumed from immemorial sleep
 To be belovèd as our household own:
 Like Pæstum's temple, tranced beside the sea,
 Radiant with dreams and ancient extasy.

Recent Publications

FRANK H. SPEARMAN.—*Robert Kimberly*. A vitile novel of the millionaire business and social world of present-day America. The type of hero is one that appeals, however, to all classes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911.

GASTON LEROUX.—*The Phantom of the Opera*. There is a thrill in every chapter of this weird, sensational story set within the mysterious recesses of the Paris Opera House. Double-page illustrations in color by Castaigne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.—*Imaginary Interviews*. Whenever the Dean of American letters speaks, it is almost our duty to listen. There is a pertinent word for all of us in the ripe experience set forth in these little essays. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1910.

LILIAN WHITING.—*Louise Chandler Moulton*. Whatever posterity may say as to the merit of Mrs. Moulton's poetic gift, no one will ever gainsay her unusual gift for friendship. This little *Life*, strewn with letters from her fellow-workers gives us an intimate glimpse into the literature of poetry of the last century. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1910.

MADISON CAWEIN.—*The Shadow Garden and Other Plays*. Nothing could be more Ariel-like than many of the lines in these plays where the author's fancy flits, a lambent flame of phantasy. Under this play, however, there is concealed in the first three, after the manner of Maeterlinck, a meaning of deep concern to life. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1910.

HELEN ARCHIBALD CLARKE.—*Hawthorne's Country*. A companion volume to the author's *Longfellow's Country* and in the same richly illustrated series as the earlier *Browning's Italy* and *Browning's England*. Perhaps more than any of the four does this book lend itself to her desire to make a book about books for those who are too busy to go to the latter themselves. The writer has drawn carefully on her sources and has given us a view of Hawthorne that is of many facets, correcting the usual impression that his interest was largely singular. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1910.

ONOTO WATANNA.— *Tama*. Another of the author's picture-tales of indescribable charm which she weaves to our delight out of the coming of the O-Tojin-San (Honorable Mr. Foreigner) to the land of the lotus flowers. Her development of the fox-woman reveals a psychic vision of depth and tenderness. Beautifully illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1910.

REDFERN MASON.— *The Song-Lore of Ireland*. From that strange, weird old-time past to the present day of Ireland the writer, frankly sympathetic, reviews its legends and history as these reveal themselves with such picturesque force and haunting beauty in its songs and ballads, to the provenience and survival of which several chapters are given. Of singular interest and value are the musical illustrations. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co. 1910.

ANDREW LANG.— *The World of Homer*. The writer frankly disarms in his Preface the Separatist camp in Homeric criticism and then proceeds with the very first page of this fascinating account of the Greece of Homer, of its lands and peoples, its traditions and institutions, to win the assent of the lay mind to his theory of Homeric unity, of the *Iliad* as a work of one man at one time. Many illustrations accompany the text. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1910.

ELIZABETH A. SHARP.— *William Sharp (Fiona Macleod)*. A memoir compiled by his wife. In the half-dozen years that have elapsed since William Sharp went out into "the beautiful Green Life," the beauty of his dream has remained to a degree as inexplicable as in his lifetime. Mrs. Sharp has essayed *con amore*, but with exquisite taste and tact, to lift the veil and reveal that strange dual personality, than which there is in all literature no mystery more alluring. The *Memoir* offers a connected narrative of William Sharp's life, dividing more or less sharply with *Pharais*, the first book signed Fiona Macleod. It offers a veritable treasure of literary allusion through the letters used by way of illustration. New York: Duffield & Co. 1910.

The INTERNATIONAL



Is the only magazine in America that has been printing a complete play by some world-famous dramatist every month. In the March number appears *The School for Mothers-in-law*, by EUGENE BRIEUX, of whom Bernard Shaw has said, "He is the greatest French dramatist since Molière."

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IT IS loveliness I seek, not lovely things.

I too will set my face to the wind
and throw my handful of seed on high.

For beauty is the most unforgettable thing in the world, and though of it a few perish, and the myriad dies unknowing and uncaring, beneath it the nations of men move as beneath their pilgrim star. Therefore he who adds to the beauty of the world is of the sons of God. He who destroys or debases beauty is of the darkness, and shall have darkness for his reward.

To live in beauty — which is to put into four words all the dream and spiritual effort of the soul of man.

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